Baſt. No my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glo. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my Liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The Map there; know we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady Forreſts, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall. What ſai
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to
Reg. Sir I am made of the
And prize me at her worth
I finde ſhe names my very d
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an e
Which the moſt precious ſq
And finde I am alone felicit
Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*
My loue's more richer then
Lear. To thee and thine h
Remaine this ample third o
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, a
Then that confirm'd on *Gon*
Although the laſt, not leaſt i
What can you ſay to win a
Then your ſiſters.
Cor. Nothing my Lord.
Lear. How, nothing can
Cor. Vnhappy that I a
mouth, I loue your Maieſt
nor leſſe.
Lear. Go too, go too, men
Leaſt it may marre your fo
Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred
I returne thoſe duties back
Obey you, loue you, and m
Why haue my ſiſters husba
Haply when I ſhall wed, th
Muſt take my plight, ſhall
Halfe my care and du
Marry like my ſiſ
Lear. But goes this with
Cor. I good my Lord.
Lear. So young and ſo v
Cor. So young my Lord

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34